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EARTH IS WINTER, HEAVEN IS SPRING.

EARTH is winter, Heaven is spring :
Therefore with the robins sing,
You who weep in laughing May
For your darlings gone away.

They have died as dies the rose,
Other beauty to disclose ;
In God's garden they appear
Who have vanished from us here.

Through earth's weary, wintry years,
Falls the bitter rain of tears ;
Under grief's persistent snow
Heartsease tries in vain to grow.

Skies are gray with cloudy drifts,
Sunshine comes through narrow rifts —
Ah ! the climate is not meet
Any blossom to complete.

So, when sweet friends fall asleep,
You should rather smile than weep ;
They will wake from mystic rest,
In the country of the blest.

You will find them blooming there,
In the love-illuminated air.
Therefore with the robins sing —
Earth is winter, Heaven is spring.
— Mrs. M. F. Butts.

THE LION'S BRIDE.

THE true place in art history of any school of art, and the true value of that school as compared with all the art schools of the world, are only to be ascertained when its full history is known, and we are able to say what it has done, which is not likely to happen until it has become an extinct school, and its artists have been almost forgotten, so far as their personality is concerned, even if their works are still remembered.

The truth of this saying is to be traced in the history of more than one of the European schools, both modern and ancient ; for, take up the history of what one of these schools we will, we find that it has had its periods of rise, decline and fall, with the same repeated throughout its history. Nor have these variations been simply variations of popular favor—the powers and performances of the artists have had quite as much to do with the matter.

Thus, after the death of Albert Dürer in 1528, painting in Germany declined with great rapidity, the artists who succeeded him and Van Leyden showing a disposition to combine German with Italian peculiarities, without, however, attaining any marked results. The same thing may be said of the German artists of the eighteenth century, with this difference, that they copied France rather than Italy. To be sure, one artist—Carstens (1754–1798), with several followers, tried to lead artists into nobler fields, but he met with poor success ; as did Goethe, Lessing, Schiller, Richter, and others of the romantic school of literature, who all attempted to define the abstract principles of painting as well as of art in its other branches, but who only succeeded in forcing a submission to abstract laws instead of the wild freedom and independence of style which we should have expected.

We have neither space nor time for a history of the modern German school of art, and will only now mention Peter von Cornelius, who was born in 1783, and lived until 1867. His title to fame rests on two facts—that he was the one to restore the art of fresco-painting on a large scale, which had been so long disused ; and that he was the founder of the Munich school of painting. Of the two the latter fact is of more importance to us just now. Cornelius was only nineteen when he gave proof of no small modicum of genius in producing some frescoes for the old church at Neuss ; he sealed his patent for fame by a truly marvelous series of illustrations of Goethe's "Faust," and of the "Nibelungen Lied," a favorite subject with German artists and authors. Those pictures were full enough of faults, but were not less full of beauties, and justified predictions of the artist's future greatness.

In 1811 he went to Rome, and remained there for eight years, when he returned to take part, at the in-

itation of Ludwig I. of Bavaria, in adorning with frescoes the Glyptothek, and the Ludwig's Kirche, at Munich—the former representing scenes from heathen mythology, and the latter a series of events from the New Testament.

Von Kaulbach, of all Cornelius's many pupils, was the only one who attained to anything like an independent style in large compositions. His principal work is his "Battle of the Huns," in the Berlin Museum.

Of those who owe most to the generosity of Ludwig I., Karl Piloty must be named among others. He was born in Munich, October 1, 1826, and studied there, at Paris, Brussels, Rome, and London, and first became known to fame in 1853, by the exhibition of his picture, "Establishment of the Catholic League." Other works followed, and he was soon made professor in the Academy—in which position he remained for some twenty years, and then, on the death of Kaulbach, 1874, Piloty became the Director of the institution instead of his master.

His position gave Piloty many pupils who have since made their mark in the art world, and among them we are not surprised to find Rahn, Dietz, Lessing, Hans Makart and Gabriel Max—all of them young men, but all men who have achieved something for the art of the present day as opposed to the art of the past.

Thus among *genre* painters of the Munich school—and we doubt whether we ought to include him in any school whatever—we may place, first of all, Gabriel Max, who was a pupil of Piloty's before he achieved something for himself. Readers of THE ALDINE are not unfamiliar with the works of this master of *genre* art. Of his pictures, "The Last Token," which was shown at the Loan Exhibition, and "A Sick Orang-Outang," engravings have been published in our pages—an honor to which we did not think his "The Anatomist," exhibited at the Centennial, entitled.

In this number we give a careful engraving from his picture of "The Lion's Bride," in which he has shown all his best powers of representing human agony and animal triumph with truth, force and exactness. The lion has stricken down the bride of his keeper, in revenge for having been deprived of the company of his favorite lioness, and glares through the bars at the aggrieved keeper, who, armed as he is, hesitates to shoot, lest he should still further imperil the chances of life of the prostrate maiden. All the details of the picture recall those of "The Last Token," in that it contains a wild animal in the attitude of rage ; a young woman prostrate before the wild beast ; and the keeper, as spectator, utterly frightened. All the painter's best points are preserved, and both his virtues and his faults are well displayed in the picture, which deserves to be well studied as a good exemplar of his style.

SUNDAY READING.

Nor the least of the ills to which old age subjects us is loss of hearing. It is worse, of course, to become blind than deaf, but deafness is quite bad enough and much worse than the blunting of the other faculties which age always brings with it. A man may get along tolerably well without teeth, for, if he can not afford the aid of the dentist, his food can be artificially disintegrated for him ; he may endure life when deprived of the sense of taste, for thereby he misses chiefly a pleasure ; the loss of feeling and of motion to which age is subject is not such an altogether unmixed evil, since it has its compensation in an increased delight in the quiet fireside and the contemplative retrospect over the past, at all times so dear to the aged. The loss of eyesight and of hearing, however, are hard to be borne, and fortunately both do not usually occur to any great extent in the same person at the same period. Thus we find old people who are more blind than deaf, and again those who are more deaf than blind, but in either case the one sense seems to supplement the shortcomings of the other.

As we have said, however, if the greatest evil is the

dimness of vision, the next greatest is certainly the loss of the power of hearing sounds. Indeed, we are not sure that the latter is not the worse loss of the two at the present day, for the reason that, while science can do, and has done, much to increase a man's powers of vision, little or nothing has yet been done toward helping the failing ear to catch more readily the sounds which fall upon its dulled tympanum.

Especially hard in many respects is this affliction of growing deafness upon those whose lives have been lives of hard labor—either of hands or of heads—by which they have earned and conquered the right to expect a quiet and peaceful evening of life, with the enjoyment secured to them of such pleasures as best befit their age, foremost among which is the pleasure to be derived from social intercourse. Such persons, as a rule, have comparatively little of friendly intercourse with their neighbors during the active part of their lives, and hence it becomes the main attraction of their leisure time. The men who have been busiest look forward with the most vivid anticipations to the opportunity, which they propose to find when a competency has been secured, or when they are obliged to stop work, for a time of complete idleness. To be sure, it is often with them as with the rest of us, that the realization of their hopes does not prove quite the source of unmixed joy they had expected, but when that realization is prevented by such an affliction as deafness, it seems to become doubly precious by reason of the unexpected deprivation.

It must not be supposed that the friendly intercourse of which we have spoken, and which is so dear to persons of this class, is limited to the mere acts of feasting and visiting. On the contrary, it comprehends not only these but also nearly all the occasions where neighbors meet, and, perhaps, more than any other, the meeting at church, where very much goes on—not only in the rural regions of America and of Europe, but also in the cities—of which the clergyman takes no cognizance. It is there, around the church doors, in our own country—East, West, South and North—from New England to the Pacific, that the Sunday congregation exchange their weekly budgets of news gossip, alike interesting from each and to all. The same things are true as well in Europe, both on the Continent and in England, but more especially there, as well as here, in the country towns and hamlets rather than in the cities, though the motive and the general action is the same in each.

It is this phase of the deprivation that is felt by the grandfather represented in our engraving. Feeble and deaf—but more deaf than feeble—by reason of age, he could not hope to cope with his youngers in discussing around the church doors the gossip of the day—which is not indeed gossip of his day, for the mates of his youth have preceded him to the land of the beyond. Nor could he hope to hear either the comforting sermon or the solemn psalm when he had gained the inside of the kirk.

His resource is, then, the volume of sermons which constitutes the household book of "Sunday reading," and with which he may console himself, until the return of his friends and neighbors from the church services shall give him company so near at hand that he can hear what is said, and so near of blood and love that he will be supplied with the sort of gossip he most needs to connect him with the outer world.

A BEDOUIN TRIBE ON THE MOVE.

THE following sketch is translated from the late Eugène Fromentin's "Voyage into the Sahara" :

For an hour we had been marching silently, dulled and heavy by the sun which embraced our shoulders, when a puff of wind coming from space brought to us the far-off sound of Arabic music. At this noise, so unexpected in this desolate place, the two "spahis" turned partly around to indicate that they heard it, and the little Ali, almost standing upright upon his mule, earnestly gazed in the direction of the wind. A line of dust commenced to form above the plain between Tadjémont and me.

"It is a tribe traveling," said Ali: "'rahil' changing quarters."

In fact, the music was not long in approaching, and one could soon recognize the meagre band of "cornemuses," playing one of those strange airs which serve as well for the dance as for the march, the measure being marked by regular strokes struck upon tambourines. One heard also, an instant, the barking of dogs. Then the dust seemed to take form, and one saw a long file of horsemen and loaded camels coming toward us, and disposing themselves to cross the Oued near the spot to which we ourselves tended.

Finally it was possible for us to distinguish the order of march and of what the caravan was composed. It was numerous, and occupied a long, narrow line, stretching over a good half mile. The horsemen came at the head, in closed platoons, escorting a standard of three colors—red, green and yellow—with three balls of copper and the crescent at the extremity of the staff; beyond, and upon the backs of white dromedaries, or as near white as very light fawn, one saw balanced four or five "atatches" of brilliant colors; then came a battalion of camels, all brown, loaded, and stimulated by drivers on foot: finally, and altogether behind, ran, keeping to the long steps of the dromedaries, an immense flock of sheep and black goats, divided into little bands, each one conducted by a woman or a negro, watched by a man on horseback and flanked by dogs.

"These are of the tribe 'Arba,'" said Ali.

"It makes no difference so they are not of the tribe 'Sheriff,'" said the lieutenant.

The great tribe of the Arbas, who camp in the environs of El-Aghouat, is one of the most important in the south of the French possessions. It is, with the famous and noble tribe of the Ouled-Sidi-Scheik, the strongest, the bravest, the most warlike, the richest, and, finally, the best mounted perhaps of the Saharan tribes. They have taken part in all the troubles which have agitated the Desert for fifteen years back; particularly they have been mixed in all the warlike troubles. We had them against us behind the walls of El-Aghouat; a great number of them followed even to Onargla the wandering fortunes of Sheriff, and it is still from among the Arbas that that partisan chief continues to recruit his best and most formidable horsemen.

At the moment we attained the border of the river, the advance guard, mounted, were already there, and the first white chasseur carrier of "artouche" was commencing to descend majestically the opposite shore. The cavaliers were armed as for war—costumed, adorned, equipped as for a military display. All had their long guns with silver bands, suspended from the shoulder by broad belts, or posed horizontally across the saddle, or held in the right hand, the handle resting upon the knee. Some wore the conical straw hat trimmed with black feathers, others had their burnous drawn down to the eyebrow, the haik raised to the nose; and those whose beards could not be seen resembled thin and tawny women. Others more strangely coiffés with high kolbates without rims of the skin of the male ostrich, naked to the waist, with the haik rolled as a scarf, the belt garnished with knives and pistols, and the vast pantaloons in red cloth, in orange, green or blue, ornamented with gold or silver; paraded superbly upon large horses robed in silk, as in the Middle Ages, with their long "chélils," or caparisons, striped and garnished with bells of copper, jingling to the movement of the croup and long flowing tail. There were many beautiful horses, but that which struck me more than their beauty was the unexpected visibility of so many strange colors.

I found those strange shades of color so well observed by the Arabs, so boldly expressed by the comparisons of their poets. I noticed the black horse with blue reflections that they compare to "pigeons in the shade;" those horses the color of reeds; the horses scarlet as the first blood of a wound; the white ones were like snow, and the sorrels of the color of fine gold. Others, of a dark gray, under the lustre of perspiration became exactly violet; others again,

of a very light gray, whose skin could be seen between their moist and trimmed hairs, resembled human flesh tints and could be boldly called rose horses. While this cavalcade, so magnificently colored, approached us, I thought of some equestrian pictures become celebrated by the noise they caused, and I understood the difference that exists between the language of painters and the vocabulary of the ordinary horse-jockey.

In the centre of this brilliant staff, a few steps in advance of the standard, cantered, the one near the other, and in the simplest garb, an old man with gray beard and a quite young man without beard. The old man was dressed in thick woolen stuffs, and had nothing to distinguish him but modesty and the irreproachable cleanliness of his garments, his great stature, the thickness of his mantle, the extraordinary amplex of his burnous, above all, the size of his head, coiffée with three or four hoods, one over the other. Buried rather than sitting in his vast saddle of crimson velvet embroidered with gold, his large feet encased in slippers attached to stirrups damasked with gold, and his two hands resting upon the glittering pommel of his saddle, he led at gentle pace a young mare of light gray color, with dusky tail, dilated nostrils, and beautiful gentle eyes, shaded by long dark lashes, like the eye of an oriental beauty enlarged by the "koeul."

A negro cavalier, in green livery, led by hand his battle-horse, a superb animal, with a skin of white satin, dressed in brocade and all harnessed with gold, who danced to the sound of the music and proudly sounded the bells of his "chéilil," the amulets of his breast-trappings and the splendid jewelry of his bridle. Another groom carried his sabre and his finest gun.

The young man was dressed in white and mounted upon a horse entirely black, with enormous chest, tail trailing the sand and its head half hidden in its thick mane. He was slim, almost white and very pale: it was strange to see such a powerful beast in the hands of an adolescent so delicate. He seemed quite effeminate, cunning, imperious and insolent. He winked in looking at us from a distance, and his eyes, bordered with antimony, with his colorless tint, gave to him still more the appearance of a young girl. He wore no ornaments, not the least embroidery upon his vestments, and of all his person, carefully enveloped in fine wool, one could see but the extremities of his boots without spurs and the hand which held the bridle—a little thin hand with a large diamond. He came up thrown back on the rear of his saddle of violet velvet embroidered with silver, escorted by two magnificent greyhounds, whose haunches were marked as with fire, gayly bounding between the legs of his horse.

As soon as he perceived this old grand lord and his son, Ali made a movement as if to throw himself to the ground and run to prostrate himself before them, but the lieutenant placed a hand upon his shoulder: the child, astonished, understood its meaning and did not budge.

* * * * *

The old man passed and saluted us coldly with his hand. We responded with as much superiority as we could. As to the young man, arrived within two steps of us, he made his horse to cabriole: the animal, raised from his four feet by this prodigious bound, in which the cavaliers of Arabia excel, almost touched us with his mane, and regained the ground more than two paces beyond us. The little prince had ably dispensed with the salute, and his escort continued to defile before us without even throwing their eyes upon us.

The musicians came next, marching in two ranks, the bridle passed over the arm, some striking with martial gestures upon little square frames with skins stretched upon them; others upon tambourines of metal of the diameter of a kettledrum; others blew into long bagpipes in the form of hautboys. Then arrived, two abreast, the richest equipages in front, the camels carrying the "atatches." These were large animals, with large flanks, muscular, glossy, and almost as white as the true mahara, and marching, as the Arabs say, "with the noble step of the ostrich."

They had handkerchiefs of black satin folded upon their necks and silver rings upon their fore legs. The "atatches," a sort of large basket covered with stuffs, the bottom furnished with cushions and carpets, whose extremities fell like curtains upon the two sides of the dromedary, presenting more the appearance of a canopy carried in a procession than a sleeping-chamber for traveling. Imagine all sorts of precious stuffs, an assemblage of all the colors—of damask, color of citron, striped with black satin, with arabesques of gold upon the black ground and flowers of silver upon the citron; a complete "artouche" of scarlet silk with two bands the color of olive; orange by the side of violet, rose crossed with blue; tender blues with cold greens: then the cushions, half cherry color and half emerald; carpets of long wool and of more sober colors, crimson, purples and pomegranate—all this married with that natural fancy of the orientals, the only colorists of the world. It was the most brilliant point and the obvious centre of the caravan. Seen from the front and a little distance from you, this high towering construction rises like a glittering mitre above the venerable heads of the white dromedaries, and completes that sacerdotal physiognomy so well known of them. One could see nothing of the distinguished voyagers within, suspended in this sumptuous cradle; but a negro on foot, who kept himself constantly below each chamber, from time to time raised his head and answered a voice that spoke to him through the tapestries.

There ended the luxury of stuffs and the dazzle of colors, for immediately after came the camels of burden, carrying the tents, the furniture, the cooking utensils of each family, accompanied by the women, the children, some servitors on foot and the poorer of the tribe. Boxes, some "lettis," with their rounded bodies striped with yellow and brown, dishes of "houskousson," basins of copper, arms in bundles, utensils of all kinds clashing and jingling to the movements of the march. From each side hung black leather bottles, pell-mell with dozens of chickens tied together by the feet, who kept up a continual flapping of wings and cries of distress; above all that the tent rolled around its supports like a sail around its yard; then a stick projected into and held by the cords, much as a mast is held by its rigging—such was the aspect uniformly offered by each monstrous back of a camel. There were one hundred and fifty or nearly two hundred to transport the baggage and the "skin houses" of that little city, nomadic and "moving."

One saw, besides, young boys seated altogether behind the beasts, just over the tail, who shouted when the animals too hurried embarrassed one in the other, and little children, all naked, suspended to the extremity of the load, sometimes squatted in a kitchen platter and balanced as in a cradle. With the exception of the harem, who traveled in closed apartments, all the women came on foot, upon each flank of the caravan, without veils, their distaffs in their girdles and spinning. Little girls followed, dragging or carrying, attached in their veils, the youngest and the least alert of the band. Old women, attenuated by age, toiled on, leaning upon sticks, while heavy old men were carried upon the backs of little asses, their feet dragging in the sand. There were negroes, too, who in their arms of ebony held pretty nurslings, coiffés in red "chechias;" others led by a long cord mares, covered from breast to tail with "djellales," making noisy music and followed by their colts; and I saw some who led by the horns ferocious rams, as if they were dragging them to sacrifice. Cavaliers galloped in the middle of the crowd, and from afar gave orders to those who, altogether behind, led the troop of free camels and the sheep. It was there that was kept the pack of dogs, barking and worrying at the tail of the troop. Our approach augmented the rage of the dogs and added to the fright of the sheep. We took to the trot and soon we had passed the extreme rear guard of the caravan.

During one hour we heard the noise of the "cornemuses," and saw the dust, which gradually lost itself, as a "cloud by day," in the direction of the Mountain of the East.

—J. S. D.